

COOKING HINTS.

HARLAND.

VOL. I.

"BITS OF
COMMON
SENSE"
SERIES

NO. 4.

MONTREAL
JOHN LOVELL & SON
23 ST. NICHOLAS ST

10

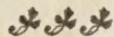
BITS OF COMMON SENSE SERIES

COOKING HINTS

BY

MARION HARLAND

Author of "Common Sense in the Household"



MONTREAL
JOHN LOVELL & SON
23 ST. NICHOLAS STREET

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year 1899, by
JOHN LOVELL & SON, in the Office of the Minister of
Agriculture and Statistics at Ottawa.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE.
I. How to be Hospitable though Rural.....	5
II. Eggs ;—their Uses and Abuses.....	19
III. Diet and Homes.....	33
IV. The Modern Luncheon “for Ladies only”..	46
V. The Invariable Potato.....	53
VI. Between Seasons.....	65
VII. Hot Weather Dishes.....	79
VIII. “Under Protest?”	89
IX. Oil Stoves and John.....	104



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of Toronto

COOKING HINTS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO BE HOSPITABLE THOUGH RURAL.

AMONG the arts which are rapidly being relegated to the ranks of the lost is the genuine, old-fashioned, home-made art of HOSPITALITY.

The adjectives are used advisedly, for the gilded substitute which fashion supplies shows few traits which would suggest that it belongs to the same family as its genial ancestor. In these days people do not *hospitate*, but, when forced to invite

acquaintances into their houses they *entertain* them, as many as possible, at crowded receptions and teas.

Many would-be hosts make a great mistake in declining to receive company because they cannot "entertain" them as handsomely as a millionaire could. Especially is this true in the country. The inhabitants of country villages let city people spend the entire summer in their midst, but would never think of showing them hospitality, since they cannot have the dinners, lunches, etc., to which the New Yorker or Philadelphian is accustomed. But the New-Yorker or Philadelphian does not come to the country for that kind of thing, nor would he enjoy it. If you live in a rural district, you should pride yourself on the fact that you can give city people pleasures to which they

are unaccustomed. It would be as foolish for you to emulate city entertainments in the country as for you to crowd a grand piano, an organ, velvet carpets, and plush and brocade hangings into your tiny cottage parlor.

If your house is surrounded by shaded grounds, happy are you. In summer a Clover Tea is such a pretty and simple entertainment that I must tell you of one which I attended.

In the first place, there was a delightful air of mystery about the invitation to a "Clover Tea," such a suggestiveness of green fields, rich with the fragrant, succulent herb, bearing plump, sweet red and white blossoms. We were welcomed on the lawn, on which was spread a table, decorated with huge bowls of clover, while there were buttonhole bouquets of

a single clover-blossom for the men. The same flower formed the hostess's corsage bouquet. The great orchard was thrown open, and in it we roamed for a delicious hour, seeking the lucky four-foil which is the magic talisman to happiness. The girl who was so much more fortunate than her companions as to find the largest number of the four-fingered leaves received a favor or prize. It was a dainty water-color of clover blossoms, and on the broad frame was etched the words from the "Clover Song," by H. H.—

"Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweet cannot be said ;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last in death.
Oh, who knows what the clover thinks ?
No one ! unless the bobolinks ! "

Besides straw, wicker, and rustic chairs,

cushions and shawls were scattered about the lawn, and on these we sat while we ate our supper. This consisted of sardine and salmon mayonnaise sandwiches, thin slices of tongue, chicken salad, French bread, ice-cream, cakes, iced tea, coffee, and lemonade. On the latter floated fragrant clover blossoms.

As the dew fell we adjourned to the veranda. The parlor windows opened to the floor of the piazza, and the musician of the party could be seen and heard as he took his place at the piano and sang the delicious little song beginning—

“The clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet, she is so sweet!”

The picturesque grouping of the guests in the pale twilight, the sweet refrain, and the fragrance of the clover blooms made

an impression on the memory not to be effaced by a whole city-season of “crush entertainments,” such as fashionable society affords.

Or, why not have a hay-party? Invite your guests for the day after your largest farm-meadow has been mowed, and while the haycocks will form such easy seats as are found in few drawing-rooms. This kind of a lawn-party will partake more of the nature of a picnic, though the table and provisions may, with little trouble, be conveyed from the house, and there will be an informality about the whole proceeding. The hostess may survey such a scene with all the self-satisfaction of an inventor, for any one may have a parlor, but few women can entertain in what my little grandson calls “a whole sky-tull of fresh air.” Perhaps the best description

of this delightful entertainment may be given by quoting somewhat at length from Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto"—

"Anstiss Hathaway's haying party in the Great Mowing was a thing never to be forgotten. It was in the splendid upland field, where twenty-eight acres of English grass, close as the stems could stand, had been swept down into such heaps and ridges that the ground it had grown upon seemed hardly space enough to toss and turn it in. . . . Men and boys had just done gathering it up, dry, perfumy, finished into mounds. . . . In the center stood the table, made only with boards and barrels, but covered with white Hathaway home linen that swept the grass.

"Did they ever see such biscuits, and such white and brown bread, in such beautiful, contrasting piles, I wonder? Or

such cream and raspberries,—the red fruit, large and cool and fair, lying in great baskets, lined and twined with leaves? Or such cream-cakes and such sponge-loaves, cut in long, generous slices, that lay just apart, showing their golden pores? I trow not.

“ Quails whistled in the fields. A single whip-poor-will in the skirt of the woods began its early evening song. The pines we had come through rustled high up, as the light evening wind touched their tops. A tender, gleaming young moon looked in tremulously between the trees, out of the upper horizon light.

“ Not a woman there but me had a hall like this to gather guests in. It was a lovely thing to be mistress of Hathaway Farm.”

But suppose one is boarding in the

country? Even then, you may give driving or boating parties. If you are near a lake or river, a water-picnic is a pleasant mode of showing hospitality. Engage half-a-dozen boats, and let John ascertain for himself that they are clean. The men of the party will do the rowing. You may prepare such simple provisions as you will need in the kitchen of the farm-house where you board. Few farmers' wives would refuse to accept the small compensation you may offer for this privilege. Sandwiches, deviled eggs, buttered rolls, crackers, olives, cakes, cold tea and coffee in bottles, and even ice-cream carefully packed, may be stowed away in one boat. Ice is easily transported by wrapping it in newspapers, and then in an ordinary meal-bag. Select a pretty spot for landing, and make a frolic of spreading the

table on the grass. An affair of this kind, well managed, cannot fail to be a success.

As country housekeepers are so apt to bemoan their distance from town, and their inability to prepare dainty dishes in the country, I add recipes for viands suitable for any of the above-mentioned entertainments. Of course, in the present day every housekeeper, no matter how far out in the "backwoods," should have an ice-cream freezer, for with this valuable addition to her kitchen utensils she may snap her fingers at confectioners and caterers.

For sandwiches, canned salmon is very good. If near town, any baker will send you rolls, etc., if you give him the order a day in advance. Or, failing this, you may make them at home.

QUICK ROLLS.—Into six cups of flour stir three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder

and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat together two small cups of milk and four eggs. To the flour, salt, and powder add three tablespoonfuls of chopped butter, the beaten eggs and milk. Knead into a soft dough, roll, cut out, and bake in a hot oven.

CHEESE STRIPS.—Cut light puff paste into strips an inch wide and four inches long. Spread half the pieces with grated cheese to which a pinch of cayenne pepper has been added, lay other strips, sandwichwise, on these, and bake to a light brown.

DEVILED EGGS.—Twelve eggs, boiled hard, and thrown into cold water. Two large tablespoonfuls of butter. Pepper, salt, and mustard. Cut the eggs in half, abstract the yolks, rub them to a smooth paste with the butter, and season with the salt, pepper, and mustard. Mould into small balls, and fit them back into the

whites, fastening the two sides together by running a wooden toothpick from one end of the egg to the other.

SALMON MAYONNAISE SANDWICHES.—
One can of salmon, the liquor drained off. One tablespoonful of melted butter. Pepper and salt to taste. Mix the salmon and butter together, add salt and pepper, and make into a soft paste by stirring into it mayonnaise dressing prepared in the following manner :

Beat the yolks of three eggs thoroughly ; add drop by drop a teacupful of salad oil, beating all the time. When very stiff, pour in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and this will thin the mixture ; add a few more drops of oil, and beat long and steadily until very stiff. Salt and pepper lightly.

All the ingredients should be ice-cold. It is an excellent plan to set the bowl in

which the dressing is mixed in a pan of iced water. Cut slices of bread as thin as a sheet of paper, spread with the salmon mayonnaise, and roll into cylinders. Should your bread be too dry for this, cut it into triangular sandwiches.

FRUIT SURPRISE.—Recipes for ice-cream are so well-known that it is hardly necessary to give any of them here. A delicious, frothy ice may be made by mixing a quart of currant juice, a quart of raspberry juice, and a quart of water together. Sweeten abundantly, and just before putting it in the freezer, add the unbeaten whites of five eggs. The turning of the freezer will whip the mixture into a most palatable “surprise.”

CURRENT JELLY DIAMONDS.—To eat with the above ice, a good cake may be made according to the following recipe:

One pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one cup of milk, six eggs, one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar to a very light cream, add the milk, eggs, and lastly the flour, which has been twice sifted with the baking-powder. Bake in two large, flat pans. When cool, turn out, spread one cake with currant jelly, and put the other cake on top of it. The upper layer should be covered with icing to which a few drops of raspberry juice has given a pink tinge. Before the icing dries, cut the cake into small diamond shapes with a sharp knife wet in cold water.

CHAPTER II.

EGGS ;—THEIR USES AND ABUSES.

THE call of spring to nature, animate and inanimate, is not responded to more obediently by the yellowing osiers by the water courses, by brave, tender crocuses and fragile wild-flowers, and by the proverbial “young man’s fancy turning lightly to thoughts of love,” than by prosaic Dame Partlet, in barn-yard, stable-loft, and manger, or in the steam-heated hen-nery, with all the modern improvements.

(As this is the only touch of poetry that will find its way into this chapter, the reader is requested to give due credit for the same.)

As there are people who do not know the taste of fresh butter and green vegetables,—the age of which is counted by hours and not by days,—so there are dwellers even in the suburban towns, and in greater numbers in *bona fide* cities—persons reputed to be well-to-do in this world's goods—who never taste a really fresh egg.

A majority of these unfortunates accept this condition of affairs as a necessary evil. While grocers will keep only stale material, stale material will be bought—or these articles must be entirely dispensed with. There is the mistake—and American housekeepers have themselves to thank that they are compelled to purchase “barreled eggs” and ten-days old beans and peas. Why accept these things? Why not insist on having fresh eggs,

and positively refuse to be satisfied with any other? If all women would, Oliver Twist like, make this demand, the supply would be forthcoming. While we take, unmurmuringly, inferior articles, they will be sold us—and generally at just as high a price as we are foolish enough to pay. Were all housewives to combine, and organize a “strike” for fresh eggs, boycotting the merchants who did not keep them, what the slangy boy of the period calls “tired eggs” would seldom be imposed upon us.

At all events, you, as one housekeeper, can begin the good work and determine to use none but fresh eggs. It is a lamentable fact that, unless you keep your own chickens, you will frequently be thwarted in your righteous purpose. But, even in town, in a small yard, you may keep

enough poultry to furnish eggs for your table if your family is not large. If you have a boy, the chickens may be his care, and you can delight his heart by paying him a small sum for every dozen eggs.

It is an open secret that three perfectly fresh eggs will, in making cake, etc., do the work of four stale ones.

“A new-laid egg” sounds well when read of in English books, but, in reality, one should not be eaten the same day on which it is laid. At first the shell is soft, and the flavor not so fine as when it is twenty-four hours old. By the time it has attained this age, the shell has a peculiar roughness, and then yolk and white are at perfection point. Distrust a smooth, glossy egg, as it is almost invariably so old that the air has had time to begin the

work of disintegration upon the lime composing the shell.

There are various tests which you may apply to this very important and most uncertain article of diet. Among others is that of holding the egg between you and a strong light. If the interior has a clouded, opaque look, avoid it. Another test is that of dropping an egg in water. If it floats, it is not “doubtful,” but *undoubtedly bad!* A raw egg that has the slightest disagreeable odor should be thrown away, and, if possible, buried. Nothing is more unpleasant than the “strawey” taste imparted, not, as many people suppose, by the nest, but by the straw in which the eggs have been packed for weeks.

I have elsewhere said that eggs should be, like Cæsar’s wife, above suspicion. It is a crying shame that that which is such

24 EGGS ;—THEIR USES AND ABUSES.

an absolute necessity in every household should so often be indifferent—or worse. You can have no more economical article of food on your table, even when they cost fifty cents a dozen. They are generally liked, and are cheaper and more wholesome than meat. Moreover, they lend themselves graciously to an infinite variety of preparations. It would be strange if out of the many delicious ways of cooking them, the most fastidious appetite might not be tempted. In following the rules laid down for cooking eggs, remember, above all, that, if you pretend to serve them hot, it will not do to have them “quite warm,” or “rather warm,” but that they should be piping, scalding *hot*.

The following recipes may be acceptable in the Lenten season, and furnish hitherto

unknown dainties for Easter-tide, when, for twenty-four hours, all over Christendom, the invaluable ovates, under divers guises, appear upon every table.

BREAD OMELET.—Six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. One cup of bread-crumbs, soaked in a cup of hot milk until they are the consistency of soft paste, and every drop of milk is absorbed. One tablespoonful of butter, melted and stirred into the hot milk and crumbs. Beat the yolks and soaked crumbs together, add a pinch of salt, then the stiff whites, stir once and turn the mixture into a hot frying-pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. As the omelet “sets” or forms, keep it loose from the sides of the pan with the blade of a knife. When done to a delicate brown, fold half over and slip gently off upon a very hot dish.

Many varieties of omelets may be prepared as variations of this. A delicious ham omelet is made by sprinkling chopped ham over the eggs in the pan, and just before the folding process. In the same manner may be added creamed oysters, stewed mushrooms, chopped roasted chicken, or boiled asparagus-tops. If you desire the omelet as a dessert, sweeten the milk in which the bread-crumbs are soaked, and fold any kind of preserves inside of the omelette.

SLICED EGGS WITH GRAVY.—Six eggs, boiled hard, and, when cold, sliced. One-half cup fine bread or cracker-crumbs, to which a little pepper and salt have been added. One raw egg, beaten light. One cup gravy, well-seasoned and heated. Dip each slice of the hard-boiled egg into the beaten egg ; roll them in the crumbs. Lay

the eggs in a frying-pan in which you have melted some good dripping, and fry until light-brown on both sides. As soon as they are done put them into a hot dish and pour over them the boiling gravy.

BAKED EGGS.—Six boiled eggs, cold, and sliced thin. One cupful of bread-crumbs, made very wet with a little good gravy and two tablespoonfuls of cream. One-half cup of drawn butter, to which has been added the beaten yolk of one egg. One cupful minced ham or chicken. Pepper and salt to taste. In the bottom of the buttered baking-dish put a layer of the moistened crumbs, and on this the sliced eggs, each piece of which must have been dipped in drawn butter. Sprinkle the chopped meat over these, then lay on another stratum of crumbs, and continue in this manner until your dish is full.

Sprinkle bread-crumbs on the top. Place the dish, covered, in the oven until heated through. Then remove the cover, and brown.

EGGS AND MUSHROOMS.—Eight eggs, one large cupful of minced chicken, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of savory gravy, one can of French mushrooms (the liquor drained off) sliced, bread sliced and fried, one raw egg, well beaten. Work together the chicken, butter and beaten egg. Season with pepper and salt, and stir in a saucepan over the fire until smoking hot. Place the mushrooms and gravy in a saucepan, and let them simmer fifteen minutes. Poach the eggs. Lay the fried bread on a hot platter, the mince of chicken on this and the egg on the chicken. Pour the hot mushrooms and gravy over the whole.

FRICASSEED EGGS.—Eight eggs, boiled hard and sliced. Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half cup of milk, one tablespoonful of chicken gravy, pepper and salt to taste. Put the butter into a small saucepan and melt it slowly, add the flour, and rub smooth. Next add the milk and gravy, and lastly, the sliced eggs, pepper and salt. Stir until hot all through, and turn into a hot-water dish.

POACHED EGGS WITH SAUCE PIQUANT.

Put some boiling water into a frying-pan, break the number of eggs you require, one by one, into the water. Boil gently three minutes. Take out with a skimmer, and lay on a flat dish on rounds of toast. Have ready some sauce by putting half a cupful of water into a saucepan with the juice of one lemon, three tablespoonfuls of rich

30 EGGS ;—THEIR USES AND ABUSES.

broth, pepper, salt, parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped pickle and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil slowly ten minutes, add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, and pour, very hot, over the poached eggs and toast.

SKEWERED EGGS.—Six eggs boiled hard, one-half cupful of minced chicken, one cupful of chicken gravy. Cut the eggs in half, extract the yolks, rub them smooth with the chicken moistened with the gravy, mould into balls, replace in the whites and join the two sides together by running a wooden toothpick or straw through them from one end to the other. Place these on a hot dish, and as there will be some of the yolks and mince left over, mould it into balls and lay around the edge of the dish. Make a tomato sauce to pour over them as follows: Rub half a can of tomatoes through a colander, heat, add two tablespoonfuls of

butter rubbed into one of cornstarch, a tablespoonful of cream, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil up once and pour over the eggs.

DISHED EGGS.—Break six eggs carefully into a greased pudding-dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place a bit of butter on each, and bake until the whites are “set.”

SCALLOPED EGGS AND TURKEY.—One cup cold turkey, chopped fine, one cup bread-crumbs, one cupful of turkey gravy, highly seasoned, six eggs. Put in a buttered pudding-dish a layer of the crumbs moistened with a little milk, then a layer of the turkey, then another of the crumbs, and proceed in this manner until the dish is full. Pour the turkey gravy over the whole, and when it is absorbed, break the eggs, one by one on top of the scallop. This must be done carefully that they may

lie side by side, and that the yolks do not break. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and set in a hot oven until the eggs are set, and the scallop is heated through.

CHAPTER III.

DIET AND HOMES.

I COMPUTED once, and, I believe, correctly,—certainly within bounds,—that every farmer's wife in the New England and Middle States spends at least six hours a week in rolling out leathery crust, filling or overlaying it with sub-acid fruits, or pumpkin, squash, and mincemeat, or insipid custards that soak it into sogginess, and baking it into the National Pie. Of *pastry* she knows naught, however much she may vaunt her skill with *crust*. Her hair would rise from the roots were you to say what quantity of butter is required to make “a good paste” as called for by

the cook-books. But "our folks" could not exist without pie and plenty of it.

Our town mechanic's wife generally buys her pies. If she did not, the unwholesome array upon the baker's counter would dwindle into the smaller supply cut into triangles for ravening children from "Ward School No. 8," the hurried errand-girl from shop or work-room, and the omnivorous, copper-lined newsboy, whose affections (gastronomic) usually take the direction of Washington Pie.

I asked a respectable baker once what was the foundation of Washington Pie, and why it was named for the Father of his Country. He told me, with never a blush, that it was compounded of hopelessly stale bread, biscuits, buns, rusks, and muffins, ground together and mixed into dough with molasses and water! He

“guessed 'twas called after Washington because 'most everybody *kinder approved of it*.'”

As a nation, we are at once greedy of and indifferent to food. With the masses the demand is for quantity—for “enough of it, no matter what it is.” Fuel in bulk is “chunked” hastily into the receptacle which represents the furnace in the human system. Some kinds of fuel waste into ashes, giving comparatively little heat; others “clinker” in the grate. The housewife who looks sharply after her range and furnace, detecting and rejecting both of these kinds, gives no thought to the more important engines consigned to her. Not one woman in one thousand who markets for her family could pick out, if catechised, the nutritious and easily-digested meats from those that are fibrous

and innutritious, or knows that turnips are little more than pith and water; that new potatoes are bullets in some stomachs, and tax the energies of all digestive organs; that rice is slightly binding in its effects, and apple sauce laxative; that tea is astringent, and coffee the opposite; and that salt meats and fish are less wholesome than the same eaten fresh. Should one of her brood be ailing, she could better decide upon the medicine he needs than upon his diet. I have known an otherwise sensible mother to feed a child suffering with marasmus with fried ham, and another permit a boy whose dyspepsia was hereditary and chronic, to refuse the first courses of his dinner, and bring on violent nausea by gorging himself with cocoanut cake and peach ice-cream.

All these things, and a hundred others

of greater and of less importance, come under the head of HOUSEWIFERY. Admitting this, how dignified is our matron's calling in life. It is foolish and vulgar to join in the cry raised by people whose pretensions to "culture" only serve to reveal the barrenness of their souls, that the everyday duties of the housekeeper are commonplace and ignoble. Somebody must keep houses and make homes, or our sons and daughters will be social Arabs. There must be for every man, somewhere, a sheltered corner of the world where the better part of him can grow. We women are inclined to be unjust to our husbands, sons, and fathers, in comparing our labor with theirs. She who sees at every turn and all day something she cannot, with an easy conscience, leave undone; who is called away from the kneading-board by

the baby, and from the baby to get dinner ready “on time”; and, after dinner, instead of sitting down for the “lazy spell” that helps digestion, must stand over a pan of hot water to cleanse and put away soiled dishes; then, dress the children clean for the afternoon, and straighten up nursery and sitting-room for John’s home-coming, and run down to the kitchen to toss up something “hearty” for supper,—and so on, and on, and on, in one tedious fretting routine that is never done and always beginning,—speaks sarcastically of the regular, orderly course of her husband’s business. Everything in shop or office, she tells him, is “wound up to run like machinery.” *She* “could sell goods, or stand at a work-bench, or at a desk, or”—growing fierce—“break stones for Telford pavement, with less wear of temper

and tear of nerves than it costs her to go through with what, after all never shows for one-tenth it has cost her."

In truth, there is just the difference between the two kinds of work that exists between driving and walking, between rowing a boat and swimming for the shore. When the house-door shuts behind John in the morning, he is in the open world "to fend for himself," and not for himself only. The thought of the dependent ones at home, while it moves him to action, makes failure doubly depressing. Many a man's business experience is for weeks together like that of the luckless snail who climbed up two feet on the side of the wall every day, and slid back one foot every night. I do not like to think how many slip back to-day the twenty-four inches they gained yesterday, and sicken at the prospect

of what to-morrow will bring. At the best, the world where money is made and unmade is a hard, heartless mill, and John never gets away, while in it, from the roar, the dust and jar and strain. He is in, and of it, from the moment he kisses baby "good-by" after breakfast until he sits down to his evening meal.

HOME is over and about his wife, all this while. If her head aches, or she is fagged out, she *can* lie down for fifteen minutes without being called to account for lapse in duty and there are little gaps in the day's work that "ease up" the pull of the harness ; five minutes with a favorite book, a talk with a friend, the loving prattle of the little ones—and *independence* in it all ! Her foot may be sore and weary, but it is on her own soil ; she is her own steward and overseer.

To return—John and the babies must have a home. Who shall make it? Can anybody make it except the wife and mother?

Apropos of home-making, a correspondent “would have me give a candid opinion upon an indulgence without which many a John would have no sense of home-comfort—to wit, the use of tobacco.”

I am not a fanatic upon the tobacco question, nor, indeed, I flatter myself, upon any other. I know a few men who are not injured by smoking, as I know women who can drink strong coffee three times a day, and swig illimitable cups of tea without apparent injury to mind and body. I know more men who would be healthier and who would probably live longer if they had never smoked or (a more reprehensible and unclean habit)

chewed tobacco, and many more women whose complexions would be clearer and their tempers steadier had they abstained from Turkish and Chinese herbs.

Smoking is, at the best, an un-neat and expensive habit. The most gentlemanly smokers I have ever seen—(for there are degrees of breeding in the popular practise)—can no more rid beard, hair, breath, and clothing of the effluvia of stale smoke than they could, by rinsing the mouth, remove the tell-tale evidences of a recent cocktail or a salad of raw onions and salt fish. There are, furthermore, ashes and bits of tobacco and burnt matches to be cleaned up next morning, now and then a forgotten “old soldier” to be penitently apologized for, while half-a-day’s airing hardly suffices to rid hangings and furniture of what was fragrant while warm, but

which, in cooling, becomes an offense even in the smoker's nostrils.

When, as is the case with a majority of those who allow themselves to become fond of "the weed," it gets to be a necessity to comfort and happiness, it is no figure of speech to say that the skin throws off nicotine through the pores. It is a recognized fact that the reformed smoker's complexion grows several shades fairer within a few weeks after leaving off the practice. He exhales and perspires one of the deadliest poisons known to science. Every person, healthy or sickly, loses about a pound in weight during "a good night's rest." That is one reason why "rest" is "good." Effete matter is sloughed out through the millions of tiny drain-pipes with mouths leading into the sleeping-room. The man or woman who

breathes this matter is poisoned,—not often unto death, but usually unto discomfort, frequently unto illness.

An inveterate smoker—one who is rarely seen in his home without pipe or cigar in his mouth,—ought to sleep alone, and even then, for his own sake, with abundance of fresh air in the room. The devotee to nicotine who smokes everywhere and at all seasons is as surely killing his wife as if he dropped a fraction of a grain of arsenic into her tea night and morning, and into her soup at dinner. One shudders in reflecting how much of morning nausea, of the headache that lasts until noon, and of the torments of an insomnia that seems to select wives as victims, is referable to this pleasant habit of men who would cheerfully lay down their lives to shield them from pain and sorrow.

No baby or young child should sleep near enough to a confirmed smoker to inhale his breath or be affected by the invisible exhalations thrown off by the cuticle during sleep. When, in addition to nicotine, alcoholic fumes are given forth by lungs and pores, the danger is positive and imminent. This is not a matter of individual opinion, but a cruel fact to which every medical man will make certificate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MODERN LUNCHEON "FOR LADIES ONLY."

FIFTY years ago, an entertainment in which men were not included was an unheard-of thing. While the lords of creation had what the youths of to-day term "stag-rackets," that is, dinners, suppers, and theater parties from which the gentler sex were excluded, their wives, sisters, and daughters never thought of retaliating in kind, and having "a good time" without the men. Indeed, the fair beings would have doubted the possibility of carrying such a plan into practice.

Consequently, as men are seldom at lib-

erty before 5 P.M., daylight gatherings did not exist except in the form of summer-picnics, for which mild dissipation men were occasionally prevailed upon to leave office and desk and revel in sylvan joys in the form of sunburn, a lunch on the ground, shared with unprejudiced impartiality by ants and spiders, and a jolting ride home at the end of the longest and hardest day in the year.

At last the woman's luncheon was suggested by some sister exceeding wise in her generation, and the desert places of the weary housewife's and mother's life blossomed like the rose. Hitherto the woman with a house full of little children often found it impracticable to leave her brood after dark, or she was too weary from a day of toil to think of going out ; and month after month dragged its lag-

ging length away without a single break in the monotony of her daily life.

A veritable drudge must that woman be who cannot spare two or three hours in the middle of the day to attend a luncheon. Even a very young baby can be left with the nurse at noon-time, while mamma will be made brighter and fresher for the little while spent in the society of pleasant and chatty women.

A luncheon is an especially easy method of entertainment for the housekeeper with many cares. Coming as it does in the middle of the day, there is the whole morning in which to make ready, and the afternoon in which to clear away the remnants of the feast and wash the dishes before nightfall.

A table groaning beneath the weight of viands set forth upon it is a figure of

speech not used in these modern times. At our luncheon everything may be served from the sideboard, and the only eatables upon the table will be small dishes containing olives, salted almonds, bon-bons, radishes, pickles or jelly, and fancy cakes, or one large ornamental loaf.

There is such a great variety of table-cloths and napkins suitable for lunches that the housekeeper may use her own judgment as to plain white or colored damask, hemmed, hemstitched or fringed borders. One exquisite cloth has embroidered violets dropped at intervals all over it, and would be very beautiful for a violet luncheon.

The cloth laid, place in the center of the table a round, square, or long embroidered center-piece upon which may rest a circular mirror (if you are so fortu-

nate as to possess one), and on this stand a bowl of flowers. If you are to have flowers for your guests, it is a pretty notion to let your floral center-piece be composed of large pink roses,—one for each woman present. To every rose is attached a wide pink satin ribbon, which passes to the appointed place of the guest whose name appears on the ribbon in gilt lettering. If you paint, you may easily decorate these ribbons yourself, and, if you wish, may add the date to the name. The repast ended, each woman pulls her ribbon and draws her rose towards her. The ribbons are pretty souvenirs of the feast.

Never practise the hideous hotel-plan of distorting a napkin into fancy shapes. The square of damask should be plainly folded and laid by each place. A Vienna

roll or finger rolls may be put by the napkin, the knives on the right hand, the forks on the left.

While the hostess can, if she chooses, make her own ices, she will be better satisfied with the varying designs furnished by a confectioner. Rolls, olives, and bonbons come from town, but the almonds are cheaper and often better, if salted at home, while the housekeeper will find it a very simple matter to make her own *pâtés*.

I will give an imaginary bill-of-fare which the hostess may vary to suit herself. She will, of course, know how to prepare most of the articles therein contained, so in the Kitchen and Dining-Room Department I will give recipes for only a few of these.

If quails are out of season, and conse-

quently unavailable for the game-course, broiled chicken may be substituted.

LUNCHEON BILL-OF-FARE.

Little Neck Clams, or "grape-fruit," or oranges cut in halves, or a bunch of white grapes tied with narrow ribbon.

Bouillon.

Creamed Lobster.

Sweet-bread Pâtés.

Filet of Beef. Green Peas.

Quail on Toast.

Tomato and Lettuce Mayonnaise.

Ice-Cream.

Cake.

Fruit.

Coffee.

CHAPTER V.

THE INVARIABLE POTATO.

AMIABLE human nature submits tamely to a multitude of impositions when society at large levies taxes upon patience and good sense. Human folly never better deserves the name than when we, in cold blood and habitually, sanction useless burden-bearing with no better excuse than the phrase which is the end of all controversy with our English cousins—"It is customary."

If this portentous preamble threaten to overbalance the subject announced above, I beg the reader to recall what part apparent trifles play in the drama of daily

living. The half-cent which the buyer is always expected to throw off and the seller to appropriate materially alters the cash account made up at evening, and attains respectability in footing up bills to be rendered.

Abstractly considered, it was nothing to me that my green-grocer charged me one morning last spring an exorbitant price for a peck of new potatoes.

“Early Roses, madam, and pretty as a fresh-blown pi’ny!” actually fondling the ugly tubers, from which the skin was starting in patches suggestive of the “desquamation” stage of scarlet fever.

“Personally, I should not care if I never saw another Irish potato,” said I to a friend standing by. “And nobody in my family cares particularly for them. Yet, somehow, like every other house-

keeper, I feel obliged to keep them on hand, and have them in one shape or another upon the dinner table every day."

"Your servants probably could not support existence without them?"

"On the contrary, I believe they prefer almost any other vegetable. Cold potatoes are invariably among the left-overs."

After which colloquy I bought a peck, and ordered them to be stored in the cellar for family consumption.

"Cellar" and "potatoes" go as naturally together as fireplace and fuel. There is hardly a farmhouse in America that is not pervaded in spring-time by the rank, earthy odor given off by partially decayed and sprouting potatoes. They appear at every family dinner in town or country three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In many households break-

fast is an incomplete meal unless baked, stewed, or fried potatoes figure upon the board.

At this point of my treatise—or tirade—I put out my hand for the manual of cookery that lies nearest to it, and count no less than thirty different ways of cooking potatoes. The same book gives two ways of preparing rice as a vegetable, and one for cooking onions. This is in accordance with a standard of values antedating the era of canned vegetables, and the all-winter-long importation of fresh tomatoes, spinach, pease, kale, beets, turnips, celery, and countless other esculents from the South. The scantiest ray of common-sense would seem to indicate the propriety of conformity in the potato question to the changed conditions of market and *cuisine*.

Acknowledging myself as weak a sinner

in this respect as the intelligent neighbor from whom I have just drawn the confession, "I am ashamed to say that I never have liked potatoes, yet we always have them both at dinner and at breakfast." I sit speechless and abashed before the sharp queries: "Why must we buy this one particular edible at any price and at all seasons, and administer it to our households regularly every day, regardless of individual preferences? Why should Tom, Dick, Harry, Bess, and Jane be expected always to take potatoes, yet be allowed the liberty of choice between Lima beans, green pease, squash, egg-plant, green corn, salsify, and parsnips?"

Without denying the fondness of the kitchen cabinet for an article of diet upon which most of our imported domestics were fed in their native land, to the exclu-

sion of what they soon learn, when transplanted, to demand as commonest necessities of life, I may ask why not give them a monopoly of the cherished root? Why not relegate it to the lower regions, along with boiled salt pork, corned beef and cabbage, and the pot of tea that stews perenially upon the range? Bridget may account for the purchase of potatoes, but hardly for the honorable estate accorded to them upon your board and mine.

But one, I believe, of the band of accomplished women who are elevating home cookery into a profession has boldly denounced the ignoble tyrant of the national bill of fare. Mrs. Rorer declares the potato to be neither wholesome nor elegant. I add to these disqualifications for the place of universal favorite unpalatableness *per se*. When unripe it is like

chewing-gum to the teeth and hot lead to the stomach. Medical authorities warn the public of the Middle States against eating new potatoes before the Fourth of July at the earliest. Until they boil mealily they clog and irritate digestive canals. Yet at this stage of an arrogant career they are more in demand and command higher prices than at any other. In the prime of a comparatively innocuous maturity our plebeian edible is best when most nearly tasteless, requiring abundant trimming in the form of butter, milk or cream and salt to commend it to a candid taste. Its obligations to the last-named condiment were not overrated by the small boy, whose definition of salt has become hackneyed, but will never be inapt.

“It is what makes potatoes not taste good when you don’t put any on.”

The urchin was in advance of his generation, and braver than his elders, who are loath to confess how often potatoes don't taste good after the salt goes on. In an old age, which with this species of vegetable growth is never less respectable than when green to the eye and weedy to the palate, the potato may be condemned out of the mouths of its own friends as demanding a degree of coaxing and manipulation altogether out of proportion to the end to be gained. The more aristocratic yam, and our tyrant's stepsister, the Carolina potato, have their date of confessed decadence, albeit possessing, when in season, distinctive sweetness and flavor. If they are of excellent quality, yet scarce and dear, we do not waste time in hunting them up, but wisely seek a substitute. When the dogma that there is no substitute

for the Irish potato was accepted throughout Christendom as a culinary axiom, would be a matter for curious inquiry were the game worth the candle. Bread is the housewife's strong staff, and butter her beautiful rod of sovereignty, yet domestic statistics prove that in the great middle class there are not a few households in which the annual supply of potatoes costs as much as the flour or the butter purchased in the same time.

The grocer who dropped into poetry over his desquemating Early Roses swelled with affectionate pride in informing me that "them beauties were bringing four dollars and a half a barrel in Washington Market." I have often paid a dollar and a half per bushel for potatoes in mid-winter, when "the crop" (as if there were but one!) was fair as to

quantity, and two dollars in the late spring, when old potatoes were scarce, and new—like unto bullets in size and indigestibility—were not yet plentiful in the market.

The potato, we are told, is affluent in starch. Pages have been published to enforce and illustrate this result of chemical analysis that might have been expended upon a more dignified natural compound. If none of these treatises have borrowed the fugitive dandy's formula, "Starch is the man," they all mean it. Certain writers upon domestic economy protest almost unto tears against the wrong done by the blade wielded by Bridget's fingers upon the noble tuber. The richest starch, they reiterate, immediately underlies the potato cuticle, and unless the paring be as thin as paper, goes into the swill-pail. Knives

and machines involving all the mechanical powers have been invented to prevent this soulless spoliation of the precious farinaceous deposit. If starch be a necessity of human health and happiness, why not vary the insipid monotony of the potato by some of the many toothsome preparations of macaroni at the easy call of the modern cook? Rice, boiled quickly in plenty of salted water, drained, and shaken lightly in a colander, finally dried off at the back of the range until every plump white grain stands coyly apart from its fellow, boasts of as liberal a percentage of Brummelian starch as the potato, is every whit as nutritious, and lies more tenderly upon the stomach. The much-derided hominy, divorced from the "hog" to which dialect stories have wedded it, is as full of wholesome elements as, and subject to

fewer blemishes in flavor than, our base-born potentate.

The great flaw in conscientious American housewifery is sameness. The average *menu* has but one gait—the jog-trot; the weekly round of meals is a tread-mill succession of trite dishes, of which the caterers themselves weary after a while. As a revolutionary step toward the reign of better and higher—because more refined and nourishing—everyday living, I appeal for recruits in a crusade upon the Invariable Potato.*

* Published originally in *Harper's Bazar* and reproduced by courtesy of Harper Brothers.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN SEASONS.

IN older times than ours, the Southerners, peculiarly apt with graphic expressions, called the interregnum which always occurs in the culinary department between Winter and true Spring "Pinch-Time." This was before the days of canned fruits and vegetables, and many miles from the few cities which, at that period, had one tropical importation where they now have a hundred. Hot-house peaches, grapes, strawberries and apricots in mid-winter would have seemed to these primitive folk like a picture taken from some exaggerated Arabian Nights tale.

Yet even to us housekeepers of a much later generation comes a pinch-time in the kitchen near the close of winter. We are weary of essentially winter products—cabbage, potatoes and turnips—and comparatively few people have acquired the art of preparing canned vegetables so that they hold any resemblance to the articles whose names they bear. It would be hard to find a less appetizing edible than the tinny-tasting corn, simply “heated up,” as the gorgeously-colored direction upon the receptacle containing it assures us “is all that is necessary.”

Perhaps a few hints and recipes as to some of the ways of making palatable the only goods the gods provide for persons in moderate circumstances may be useful. Those whose purses are so elastic as to allow them to tempt a flagging appetite

with early vegetables from the far South, such as asparagus at a dollar-and-a-half a bunch, and peas at an equally exorbitant figure, need not read this chapter. But, dear housekeeper who cannot afford such gastronomic luxuries, let me whisper a word in your ear. Our wealthy sister who does not have to "contrive" does not know the joy of creation which you and I experience when we evolve a toothsome delicacy from a seemingly unpromising subject.

First of all, let us look at "canned goods." Almost every vegetable may be bought thus prepared. One rule applies to all, and is neglected times without number. *Make a point of turning canned goods out into an open dish some hours before using them.* By this practice the disagreeable "tang" of tin and solder, as well as the

close, airless odor imparted by hermetical sealing, will be dissipated.

As blood-purifiers, tomatoes are especially welcome at pinch-time, and may be prepared in a variety of ways.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Drain the liquor from a can of tomatoes. (In passing, let me suggest that you set this liquor aside, as it will make a delicious sauce for meat or fish.) Season the tomatoes with salt and pepper, and sweeten to taste. In the bottom of a pudding-dish lay a stratum of the tomatoes, and on this a thick layer of buttered and salted bread-crumbs, until the dish is full. The top layer of tomatoes should be lightly sprinkled with crumbs, and dotted with bits of butter. Cover and bake for half an hour, removing the lid for a few minutes at the end of the time to brown the scallop.

TOMATO TOAST.—One can of tomatoes, stewed for ten minutes, seasoned with pepper, salt and sugar, and rubbed through a colander. One-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of butter, six slices of toasted bread (crustless). Add a pinch of soda to the milk, and heat to scalding in a farina-kettle. Stir in the butter, and when that is melted the tomatoes. Bring all to a boil and pour over the toast, which should be spread upon a hot platter or chafing-dish. Set in the oven for five minutes before serving.

TOMATOES AND RICE.—So few persons understand how to cook rice, that at the risk of becoming tedious I give a recipe for its proper treatment. To many Northerners experience with this really good cereal is that it is generally served in the form of white, or slightly grayish paste,

from which a delicate stomach revolts, while the assurances of "those that know" that it is wholesome and nourishing do not make it one whit more palatable.

Wash, and carefully pick over one cup of rice. Have on the range three pints of boiling water, and into this drop, little by little, the rice, stirring all the time. When the last grain goes in, remove the spoon, and do not use it again. See to it that the boiling continues steadily for twenty minutes, then try a grain of the rice. If it is hard, boil a few minutes longer; if tender, turn all the water off and set the saucepan at one side of the range that the contents may dry. When ready to serve, shake the vessel hard and turn the rice into a hot dish. Every grain should stand separate and white.

The tomato sauce which should be

poured over the rice just before it is sent to the table, may be prepared as in the foregoing recipe for tomato toast. To some tastes this sauce is improved by adding to it a heaping tablespoonful of grated cheese.

A delicious manner of serving rice is with curried chicken. In the spring, when the whole system is relaxed, and the appetite jaded and in need of stimulating, curried chicken and rice form a most welcome variety to the usual bill-of-fare. The custom of serving bananas with this dish is an East Indian one, and the fruit cools the mouth from the burning sensation caused by the pungent condiment.

CURRIED CHICKEN.—One fowl, jointed as for fricassee. One pint of weak broth. Put the jointed fowl in a deep pot and pour over it the cold broth. Stew *slowly*

until the meat is tender. Ten minutes before taking it from the range, thicken with browned flour, add a tablespoonful of curry-powder, wet with cold water, and let it come to a gentle boil. Lay the chicken on a hot dish, and pour the gravy over it.

A dish of boiled rice may be set on the table in front of the carver, and he puts a heaping spoonful of this on each plate, and upon the rice deposits the curried chicken. At each place may be set a fruit-plate containing a cool banana, which is eaten as an accompaniment to the rice and curry.

There are so many ways of cooking potatoes, and we have tried them all so often, that I do not hesitate to offer still another.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Peel and slice the potatoes as for frying, and lay them in

cold water for half an hour. Then drain, and pat dry between two cloths. Grease the inside of the pudding-dish, and put in a layer of the potatoes, and on these a thin layer of bread crumbs, salted to taste and buttered, then another layer of potatoes, and another of crumbs. When the dish is full, pour gently over all a half-cup of water and a half-cup of milk, mixed ; cover closely, and bake until the potatoes are very tender. Fifteen minutes before serving, uncover the dish and brown.

The most delicate vegetable we have is green peas, and when these are canned they lose both sweetness and flavor unless they are of the most expensive brand. The ordinary canned peas may, however, be converted into excellent fritters.

PEA FRITTERS.—Drain the liquor from a can of peas and let them stand for twenty

minutes in cold, salted water. Drain, and cook tender in salted, boiling water, rub through a colander, and, while still hot, stir in a teaspoonful of butter, season and set aside to cool. When cold, add to them two beaten eggs and a cupful of milk, well worked in. Add a tablespoonful of prepared flour, and fry as you would griddle-cakes on a soapstone griddle.

While canned corn is, as I have already intimated, anything but palatable, when cooked according to the following recipe it will be relished by most people.

CORN PUDDING.—One can of sweet corn, drained free of the liquor and chopped. Two cups of sweet milk. Two eggs, beaten light. One tablespoonful of sugar. Salt and pepper.

Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten eggs, the milk and corn,

lastly the seasoning. Beat hard, and turn into a greased pudding-dish. Bake covered for twenty minutes, then uncover and brown. This pudding is eaten as a vegetable, not as a dessert.

STRING BEANS.—After draining the liquor from a can of beans, go over them carefully, cutting into inch lengths, and removing every bit of string. Pour over them enough salted boiling water to cover them, and cook slowly until tender. Drain off the water, add a large spoonful of butter to the beans, and serve.

BEAN BALLS.—One heaping coffee cupful of kidney beans. Pepper and salt. One tablespoonful of molasses. One tablespoonful of butter. A pinch of mustard. Soak the beans for ten hours. Drain, pour cold water over them and boil slowly until done. Rub them through a

colander, and then with a potato-pounder mash to a soft pulp. This done, pepper and salt to taste, beat in the butter and molasses until you have a light paste, and put in the refrigerator to cool. Mould with floured hands into balls, dip in egg and cracker crumbs, and fry as you would fish-balls.

POTTED GAME.—Stew venison, ducks, etc., gently until the meat can be cut easily from the bones. Return the bones to the broth. Season highly with pepper, salt, and such spices as you fancy, and boil down to a rich gravy. Chop the meat fine; then pound in a mortar or rub through a colander. Wet with the hot gravy to a smooth paste; press down hard into self-sealing cans. Set these in warm water, upon a piece of board laid in the bottom of the kettle, that the heat may

not crack them, put on the tops loosely to allow the air to escape, bring slowly to a boil, and cook until the center of the meat is *very* hot. Fill each can with the boiling gravy, and fit on the air-tight tops.

Game thus prepared makes delicious pies, minces, omelettes, *bisques*, and sandwiches, and is a savory relish for supper. It can be put up in wide-mouthed china jars, with clarified butter or lard poured upon the top, but does not keep so long.

OR,

Joint your birds, pack them raw into the jars, scattering salt, pepper, and herbs between the layers ; cover with cold gravy, boiled to a jelly and just warm enough to flow readily, put on the tops, and proceed with the cooking as directed above, boiling steadily from three to four hours. Seal hot.

PICKLED FISH.—Clean and cut into pieces of convenient size to pack into jars. Put into a vessel with cold water. Bring to a boil, transfer carefully, piece by piece, to the jars, and when all are in, cover with scalding vinegar, spiced and slightly sweetened.

Seal hot. You can substitute for the vinegar boiling tomato sauce.

CHAPTER VII.

HOT WEATHER DISHES.

THE query, hateful to the weary housewife's soul, "What shall we eat three times a day?" increases in irksomeness in direct ratio as Old Sol becomes more assiduous in his attentions to the inhabitants of this insignificant sphere. The first meal of the day, eaten before the heat has a chance to sap energy and destroy appetite, is not the bugbear that the noon and evening repasts prove. Boiled eggs and toast, fried or boiled fish and potatoes, a tender piece of steak or a tender French chop, can easily be "coaxed down" in the morning, especially when aided by the invaluable

breakfast stand-bys—oatmeal and cream, and freshly-made and stimulating coffee or tea. The husband and father will confess that while he likes a good breakfast, he can, if necessary, "keep" until lunch-time if fortified by a cup of excellent coffee and a roll.

It is when the enervating noon and afternoon sun has power over the world that the jaded appetite turns with a feeling akin to disgust from hot meats and smoking vegetables. This is also the time when the mother sighs to herself a wish that "things grew ready-cooked," and that some one "would invent a new flesh, fish or fowl, for hot weather."

For her sake, as well as for her family's, I give some recipes for "plains and sweets," which, while not new or ready-made, may be prepared before the heat

of the day, or in so few minutes as not to test strength and patience, and will, I hope, offer a little variety to the usual bill-of-fare. Every household gets into the habit of having certain things to eat once in so often, and over and over again, until a new dish proves a positive blessing.

My readers will notice that there is not a single recipe for a hot viand among these I give, as I have tried to have them especially suited to the requirements of the heated term.

DRESSED EGGS.—Boil eight eggs hard, and throw into cold water. When quite cold, take off the shells, cut the eggs in half lengthwise, from end to end, and remove the yolks. Put the yolks into a bowl, and with the back of a silver spoon rub smooth, adding, as you do so, a table-

spoonful of chopped ham or chicken, one of butter, one of good salad-dressing, a half-teaspoonful of French mustard, pepper and salt to taste. When these ingredients are blended to a paste, mold with the hands into oblong balls which will fit into the halved whites. As the two sides are not to be put together again, the yolks may be mounded neatly instead of being smoothed off flat. Lay on a platter, garnish with a quantity of water-cress, and serve very cold.

BEET SALAD.—Three heads of lettuce; six large red beets, boiled, and sliced when cold; two small cucumbers, sliced and laid in iced water; one bunch of water-cress; one cup of mayonnaise dressing. Line a salad-bowl with lettuce leaves, lay upon it the sliced beets alternately with the cucumbers, pour over all the mayonnaise, and

dot here and there with sprigs of water-cress. This should be just prepared before the meal for which it is intended, or the cucumbers will wither and the cress droop.

COLD GOLDEN BUCK.—Boil six eggs hard, and after they have been in cold water for half an hour, peel and slice. Spread very thin slices of crustless bread with two cupfuls of dry, grated cheese, worked to a creamy paste, with half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of cayenne, a half-teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cut the pieces of bread in half, lay on top of the cheese mixture the sliced eggs, and put the two halves of bread together, — sandwich-wise, — the mixture inside.

BEEF CAKES.—Cut enough meat from your cold roast of beef to make two cup-

fuls when chopped fine with two small onions. Add to this two tablespoonfuls of tomato-catsup, one cup of fine bread-crumbs, and half a cup of gravy. Mix well and mould into cakes, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, and bake to a delicate brown. When cold lay the cakes on a large platter, pour a tablespoonful of mayonnaise over each, and stick a sprig of parsley in the center of every cake.

RUSK AND MILK.—Two cups of milk; one-half cup of butter; one-half yeast-cake dissolved in warm water; one quart of flour; two eggs; one even teaspoonful of salt. Mix milk, butter, yeast, and a pint of flour into a sponge, and let it rise until light. Beat in the eggs, salt, and the rest of the flour, roll out the dough into a paste more than half an inch thick, cut into round biscuits, set rows of them in a

baking-pan, rub the top lightly with butter, and put another row on these; let them rise for half an hour before baking. Remove them from the oven, and let them get nearly cold before dividing the upper from the lower stratum; pile lightly in pans, and leave them in a cooking-oven all night to dry. Hang them in a bag in the kitchen closet, or other dry, warm place. In two days they will be ready for use. Set a bowl at each place at table, lay a rusk cracked in several places in it, a piece of ice on this, and pour over all enough milk to cover the rusk well. The rusk will soon become soft, and will then be ready to eat.

BEEF-LOAF.—Two pounds of lean beef chopped fine, with two cups of bread-crumbs, seasoned highly with pepper, salt, nutmeg, sweet marjoram, and a little

minced onion, and wet up with half a cup of good gravy ; two eggs beaten light, and mixed with the meat. Press firmly into the mould, fit on the cover, and set in a dripping-pan of boiling water to cook slowly for an hour and a quarter. When done, let it get perfectly cold before turning out. It must be cut in thin slices at the table.

RED RASPBERRY FLOAT.—One quart of ripe red raspberries ; one pint of cream ; one cup and a half of powdered sugar ; whites of six eggs, beaten to a meringue, and slightly sweetened. Press the berries until they are quite dry. To their juice add the powdered sugar, and stir into the pint of cream. Pour this into a glass bowl. Stir lightly into the meringue the squeezed berries, and pour carefully, not to mix, on top of the cream in the bowl.

Serve at once. This is, if properly made, not only a delicious but a pretty dish. The pink cream at the bottom of the glass vessel, and above this the white meringue dotted with red fruit, please the æsthetic taste as well as the palate.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.—One quart of rich cream; one pint of milk; two and a half cups of sugar; one quart of peeled and chopped peaches. Sweeten the cream with one cup of sugar, mix with the milk and freeze. When half-frozen, stir in the peaches, over which you have strewed the remaining cup-and-a-half of sugar. Grind until hard-frozen; pack in pounded ice until you are ready for it.

COFFEE ICE-CREAM.—Four eggs; one quart of milk; two cups of sugar; one pint of cream; one cupful of hot, clear, strong coffee. Put a pinch of soda in the

milk, and heat to the boiling-point. Beat the eggs until light, add the sugar, and pour little by little the hot milk over them. Return to the fire and cook, stirring all the time, until the custard coats the spoon. Remove from the fire, and add *immediately* the hot coffee. When cold, add the cream and freeze.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ UNDER PROTEST ? ”

“ UNDER protest ? ”

It was John who said it, tentatively and meditatively, to an audience of two. Tentatively and sadly I repeat the query.

The hour was 7:30 A.M. At 6:30 A.M. we had alighted from the train after traveling all night, at a junction where we were to await the arrival of the eastward-bound cars. A Western city of 100,000 inhabitants lay upon the horizon barely two miles away. We had been assured by the conductor of the train we had left that a good breakfast could be had at the dining-hall opposite the station. There was

no difficulty in finding the place. “DINING-HALL” stared us in the face from a long, two-storied frame house just across the track. The door was shut, and we knocked. A girl of twelve, pretty and slatternly, opened it presently.

“Can we have breakfast?” we asked.

“I don’ b’lieve so. But I’ll ask mother.”

Air was pert, tone was patronizing and slightly contemptuous. We learned, a moment later, where she had acquired what went so oddly with her years and prettiness. “Mother” appeared behind her in the narrow passage.

“What were you asking?”

Her manner of speech was neither provincial nor vulgar, except as patronage always betokens vulgarity of mind. We had an instant impression that we were

intruders. We begged pardon,—but we had been told that we could breakfast here, and hoped we had not mistaken the place. Seeing the sign over the door—

“ You were correctly informed.” Thus, Lady Lofty. “ That is, I get up dinner and lunch for travelers. *Never*, breakfast!”

We were hungry to faintness. Our train would not be along for an hour. We two women looked at one another in dismay. John came to the front.

“ These ladies are weary after a night’s travel, and we could procure nothing to eat on the train. A very simple breakfast will satisfy us. Coffee or tea, bread-and-butter, and boiled eggs. Can we get it?”

Lady Lofty relaxed not a muscle at mention of our pitiable estate. If possible, her patronizing frigidity was more pronounced.

“I have said that I never furnish breakfast. You can have *lunch*!”

The emphasis was offensively significant of our ignorance of polite usage in respect to the more genteel term.

“Lunch let it be, then!” returned John, in amused vexation. Where can these ladies sit while you prepare it?”

We glanced to the right and left. A door on one hand led into a three-cornered and very dirty shop where candy, peanuts, and cigars were in evidence of occasional customers; on the other, into a fair-sized dining-room, in which a table was laid with fourteen plates, knives, forks, cups, and saucers.

The hostess looked dubious.

“You might take chairs out on the porch. There’s no objection to your sitting there.”

John seized two ragged chairs, and we returned to the air,—deliciously fresh after the stuffy atmosphere of the interior. When we were tired sitting, we strolled up and down the platform, or roofless piazza. There were eight front windows upon the first floor of the hall. Over the lower sashes of four was nailed mosquito-netting; the others were shut fast, and rugs filled up spaces left by broken panes. All the windows were thick with dirt. Two other passengers had gotten off at the same junction, and come over to prospect, but shook doubting heads and went back to the station. In half an hour the little girl reappeared in the doorway, her nose in the air.

“Your *lunch* is ready!” she announced in an offended accent.

Plainly, our insistence upon breakfast

was a grievance, and had lost us caste in the eyes of her mother's child. We followed her, not into the dining-room, but into the shop. Upon the highest and blackest counter I ever beheld were spread three dingy napkins; upon each napkin was a plate with a dab of butter on the side; at the right of each plate was a cup of steaming greenish-black liquid; there were bread, knives, sugar, and a pot of blue milk.

“Have you no eggs?” asked John.

“None!” stonily.

“Or cold meat?” intimated I, timidly.

The hostess deigned explanation to me. John's finest manner had not softened her one whit.

“We have no meat in the house except such as was cooked yesterday, and you *should* know that at this season that would

not be fit to eat to-day. I have, however, nice cookies baked late yesterday.”

The cookies were brought. They were as palpably from the counter of a town baker, and three days old, as if each had borne his name and the date of manufacture. We broke one in two, and left it on the plate. The butter was salt and rancid, the tea (?) indescribably nauseous. It yielded, upon test, the flavors of catnip, sage, pennyroyal, and hay,—but the prevailing odor was kerosene. We tasted it silently, and munched dry bread.

“*Il fo manger!*” quoted one, in reminiscence of Mr. Jobling.

Then I proffered a last and respectful request.

“Can I have a glass of water?”

Lady Lofty looked her surprise. One more step towards plebeianism!

“W-h-y, I *sup-pose* so!” and disappeared with her daughter. We had left off lunching, and, standing at the counter—we had no seats—looked about us. The foul floor was littered with peanut shells; the glass jars of candy and popcorn balls were profusely fly-specked, the window dim with grime. Flies crawled and buzzed over all, objected so little even to the petroleumized tea that three were presently floating upon the surface of that in my cup. In five minutes the child brought in two dingy tumblers.

“You will have the water pretty soon!” she uttered, reassuringly, and vanished.

In five minutes more she brought in a pitcher of the coveted fluid. We washed down the bread that had stuck in our throats, paid twenty cents each for the “lunch,” and repaired to the platform.

"The building is a good one," remarked my sister-traveler. "If cleansed and painted it would be attractive. The oddest thing about the whole adventure is that that woman is evidently a person of education who ought to know how to provide things convenient and decent. Having once bowed her foolish pride to that DINING-HALL,"—designating the sign above the entrance,—"she should study to make the best of the situation. A tidy house, a clean tablecloth, simple food, well prepared, and a brisk, neat hostess would speedily make reputation and money for this wayside inn. Why, I wonder, is it that so many women who have to earn their living by ministering to the physical needs of their fellow-creatures, have that air of mingled patronage and resentment? One might think that we

injured them by paying them to do the very work for which they advertise, by which they keep their souls and bodies together.”

Then it was that John opened his mouth and spake: “Under protest?”

“Protest against what?” said we, in a breath.

He tugged at and twisted his beard for a thoughtful minute.

“I think—(you won’t be angry if I speak plainly?—because, although women, they are obliged to work. It may not be generous to turn upon you what I overheard as I followed you into the dining-room at the — Hotel the other day. One of you said, ‘We have got into the *waiter-girl belt*,’ and ‘I am sorry!’ I was sorrier than either of you, for something in the true man holds him back from com-

plaining to a landlord of ‘inattention or disrespect on the part of employees,’ when these are women. There is something unpleasant to me in the prevailing atmosphere of a public dining-room where girls are the only attendants. The drill, the promptness, the civility (compulsory perhaps, but civility), the alert attention to duty,—demanded from the man-waiter,—is what they will not submit to. The best waiters I ever saw were in a White Mountain hotel where all were college boys, intent upon making money enough in vacation to help defray the expenses of the coming term. They carried into the new occupation the order, energy, and subordination expected of them in class. And then,” plaintively, “the waitresses ‘do’ their hair so wondrously and obviously. At the —— it was all bangs, each

outdoing the rest in kinkiness and fluffiness. I actually caught a glimpse of one coaxing her bang into fluffier prominence with a pocket-comb in the butler's pantry, resting her loaded tray upon a window-seat while she did it. There comes our train!"

We were thankful, for reasons known and unknown to him. We were unwilling to accept his premises and conclusions, but he had set us to thinking.

We were, as I have said, "in the waiter-girl belt," and for the next ten days we had ample opportunity to note the peculiarities of the guild. Only a few of the results of our observation can be jotted down here.

1. There is a lack among women waiters of the orderliness and quietness of movement generally found among men in the

same capacity. They “fly around” and bustle when willing and quick, hustling one another, dropping knives, spilling liquids, and colliding with chairs and corners. Even in hotels of considerable pretensions, where men waiters would be put through a daily drill, nobody seems to subject women to it. Perhaps John is right, in saying that they would not submit to it. It can hardly be that they are not as apt and agile as their brothers.

2. In speech they are more familiar than men, even when they keep their temper. In one dining-room in a town of 15,000 inhabitants, the head waitress asked me shrilly, as three of our party took their seats, “Ain’t *them boys* ready for dinner yet?” meaning two young men—one a six-footer—who took their meals at our table.

Another head waitress explained why our seats were not reserved one evening by remarking, “I saved ‘em up till half-past six, and I wasn’t going to wait no longer.”

A third—a subordinate—hoped laughingly that we “had ordered enough things at once.” She “guessed” we “must be hungry.”

Six hummed tunes over our heads while setting our meals in order, and at two hotels which sported printed bills-of-fare, had electric bells and lights and city prices, the “girls,” after bringing what was called for, sat down in the window seats and at vacant tables, and chatted audibly together. One, a pretty, neatly-dressed young woman, coolly cleaned and polished her nails at a table next to ours, the other morning, rising, with a pleasant smile, to

give place to a bevy of guests who came in just as she finished.

3. There is, with few exceptions, about all, a *pro tempore* air, conveying the distinct impression that this is not their chosen profession, or, indeed, their profession at all. It is convenient to take a place for awhile; they prefer to have it believed that they do it to oblige some one who cannot get along without them. Hence they do not care to learn the business thoroughly. They are to proprietors and guests what the work is to them--a make-shift.

The thought is not a new one, but I give it for what it may be worth to the reader. Why should occupations which are essentially domestic, such as preparing, serving, and dispensing food, be filled by women "under protest?"

CHAPTER IX.

OIL STOVES AND JOHN.

I COUPLE them, not in appreciation of any qualities they may possess in common, although before the end of our chapter is reached we may have a word together on that head.

Open confession is good for the soul, and I give my personal "experience" with oil-stoves for as much—and as little—as it is worth.

Several years ago, we as a household, camped out in a summer cottage, for six weeks. We went to a neighboring farmhouse for dinner and supper, but breakfast, as a movable feast, was to be served

under our own roof. To further this end, after much consideration and consultation of circulars, etc., we bought an oil-stove, to our belief the best in the market.

Several printed notices, and one small pamphlet, accompanied our purchase, setting forth its perfections in such glowing terms that our hearts beat high in joyful anticipation of what this heat—dirt—and labor-saver was to do towards rendering our cooking a mere bagatelle. It would boil, broil, bake, and fry. In fact, Queen Victoria, or the King of Epicures, need ask no greater treat than to eat a repast prepared by our new oil-stove.

The kitchen had been swept and garnished in anticipation of the arrival of the treasure. The now useless range was polished until the surface reflected in its dusky depths the jar of asparagus-tops

which ornamented it. The time was past when this department was to be hot and "smelly," and full of flies. Nets kept out these last-mentioned marauders, and the newly-painted walls and floor were immaculate. Between two windows stood a zinc-covered table, and upon this, one evening, we deposited the oil-stove. We had studied the directions so carefully that we knew just how to manage it. It was filled, ready for use. On the table by it stood the bowl of oatmeal, put to soak over night, and by that the half-dozen eggs to be boiled for breakfast. We retired to our slumbers, satisfied with the world, ourselves—and—the oil-stove. Should it prove to be all it promised, the vexed question of summer cookery was at once and forever solved.

In the morning, we three women de-

scended earlier than usual to watch the operation of our pet. The oatmeal was put in a double boiler and placed on top of the oil-stove, and the lamp underneath lit, according to directions. These same directions told us to let it alone after lighting it. So, leaving the draught just right, we went to the cellar to make butter-balls and skim last night's milk for cream for the oatmeal. Just as these tasks were completed, and we were preparing to mount the cellar stairs, we heard hurried footsteps overhead; the door between dining-room and kitchen was thrown open, and John's voice fairly roared:

“What *is* the matter? are you all smothered?” followed by exclamations which rapidly brought us to the scene of action.

John afterward told us that as he was putting the last touch to his toilet, he be-

came aware of the smell of a smoking lamp. Going into the hall to investigate, he was met by such an odor that he tore downstairs, expecting to find us all asphyxiated. We met at the kitchen door, and, for one horrid instant, nobody spoke. The room was literally black, and the smell sickening. To walls, ceiling, door-frames, and æsthetic asparagus boughs, hung huge flakes of soot, while upon the table stood the oil-stove, belching forth billows of greasy smoke. It looked like an imp of evil, with its two red eyes of light. With a smothered exclamation John rushed into the room, with a blow of his fist knocked out the soot-begrimed window screens, then put out the light under the stove and deposited the whole thing on the outer doorstep. When he returned to us, his eyebrows and lashes

were jet black, while a smear of soot, extending from one eye to the corner of his upper lip, lent a sinister and Mephistophelian expression to his usually good-looking face.

“ My dear,” he said, “ if agreeable to you, we will repair to the farmhouse for our breakfast this morning ! And,” with a twinkle in the eye that was not blackened, “ allow me to suggest that the next time you experiment with the ‘ only perfect oil-stove - warranted - to - boil - broil - bake - and - fry - without - the - ashes - smoke - dirt - and - heat - caused - by - the - ordinary - range,’ you select as the spot for the infernal machine the middle of a ten-acre lot, far removed from human habitation. And, even then, I would commend to your mercy the insect population who, in ignorance of the fate in store for them,

have made their peaceful homes in the aforementioned meadow."

With which cruel shot he withdrew to the upper regions to wash.

For a week after that, we did little else but experiment, now in the shed, with our cookery-simplifier. If turned high, it smoked ; if low, it went out. If regulated as per accompanying directions, it smelled fearfully.

During the remainder of the summer, breakfast was brought to us in a basket from the farmhouse.

With the memory of this experiment fresh in my mind, I visited a friend in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia. Hers is a model kitchen. I never expect to see such another this side of heaven. With money and servants at her command, the mistress gives her personal supervision to

all that pertains to the culinary department. It is an art-kitchen, and better worth visiting than many a gallery of paintings. In the adjoining "mixing-room," my friend showed me her oil-stove, smaller than mine, and told me a pretty story of her own two children and four others from outside, here learning the art of cookery under her eye. The room was small, and perfectly neat; the utensils belonging to the cooking club were hung upon walls and ranged upon shelves. The actual bills of fare were varied and tempting. The club had been in operation for four months, and in all that time the stove had never misbehaved once. After two or three lessons, the children learned to manage it themselves, and kept it in order.

I have watched with great interest the

progress of discussion in the "woman's pages" of daily and weekly papers, upon living and cooking in rooms, and, as personal "experience" is the desideratum in this case, I will give a chapter from my own.

I kept house one winter in Paris in a pleasant *appartement*,—a word we have since borrowed from the French. There were seven rooms in the suite, exclusive of the kitchen, all of fair size, again exclusive of the kitchen. The most uncomfortable room in most houses—the hall bedroom—is spacious compared to that in which the meals of a family of six persons were to be prepared by the white-capped French cook, engaged for us by a friend.

One-quarter of the space of this room was taken up by the stove,—a fanciful

affair, inlaid with fireproof tiles. It had four holes in the top, a plate-warmer, but no oven, and a fuel-chamber no bigger than a baby's head. The only fuel used was charcoal. Yet in this kitchen, upon this stove, with such fuel, and by the help of a set of dainty saucepans, kettles, etc., Marie served us three meals a day, admirable in quality, in quantity sufficient, and in flavor unimpeachable. We had an experience similar to this during a winter spent in Rome.

It is the sight and knowledge of such possibilities that excite American dwellers in "apartments" and rooms to emulation. I now say, as I have stated before, that the trouble with American housekeeping is that it is too heavy, too cumbersome. For instance, in the Parisian household there is no breadmaking and baking.

Delicious rolls are brought to the house daily, while bakers furnish perfect bread. When there are large pieces of meat for roasting, they are sent out of the house to be cooked, and returned at whatever hour may be named.

It is a pity that we Americans have no system like the one which prevails in English villages, of bake-shops. The frugal English housewife makes her bread, her meat-pie, and prepares her fowl, and sends them all to the neighboring bake-shop to be cooked.

In a housewifely journal of a few weeks ago appeared the following paragraph :

“ My experience of cooking in ‘ rooms ’ (which means utilizing as a kitchen any room used for another purpose) has taught me that restricted space means restricted comfort and neatness. It means flour,

coal, oil, molasses, butter, and endless other charming things on the floor of the pretty room one likes to sit in of evenings. It means a smoky smell clinging to the curtains. It means screens and curtained alcoves and other bother, constructed to hide refrigerators, shelves, kettles, and other respectable, but inartistic objects. It means Discomfort with a big D."

If our American housekeeper would be willing to keep house on a small scale, the trouble would be greatly lessened. A Frenchman told me that when his family went to bed at night there was not enough food in the house to satisfy a mouse. They bought each morning only what was needed for that day. This may be more expensive; but is not the comfort it brings worth the additional cost? And there is scarcely any waste. Let the

dwellers in rooms test this method, and let just what is necessary take the place of the rude abundance which now makes domestic life a heavy burden.

“WHY JOHN?”

While the queries of “Why John?” have been pouring in upon me, I have felt as if a stout, rollicking urchin of my own had strayed away from me into the world, and everybody was caviling and finding fault with him.

I confess here openly that John is an invention of my own, introduced for the first time in *Common Sense in the Household*.

And why John? I don’t like (frankly) to hear a woman forever talking of “meh husband.” If I write of mine, I don’t

mean yours. Yet I must talk of him. To my apprehension, my husband, your husband, her husband, other people's husbands, are more awkward and less euphonious than John.

Then, too, John is a sturdy, honest, clean name. He is not John until he is married. He may have been Johnny as a small boy, Jack as bachelor, but now, as a husband, he is settled-down JOHN. The name, by the way, means "the gracious gift of God." Here is a thought for a bachelor friend, who lately sent us his protest. *That* he cannot be until he belongs to some good, loving woman. Therefore, on account of its convenience and appropriateness, I long ago chose the true, loyal name—John.

But why have I put the two subjects of this talk together? Because, after all,

I do not find them dissimilar. I trace points of resemblance between them.

In the first place, there are oil-stoves *and* oil-stoves. The one that was entirely satisfactory and the failure were not the same patent. They and Johns should be thoroughly examined and well known before being purchased or chosen.

Again, they both have their peculiarities and weak points and very exasperating qualities, all of which must be understood and taken into consideration before they will work well. They both require careful management and endless patience.

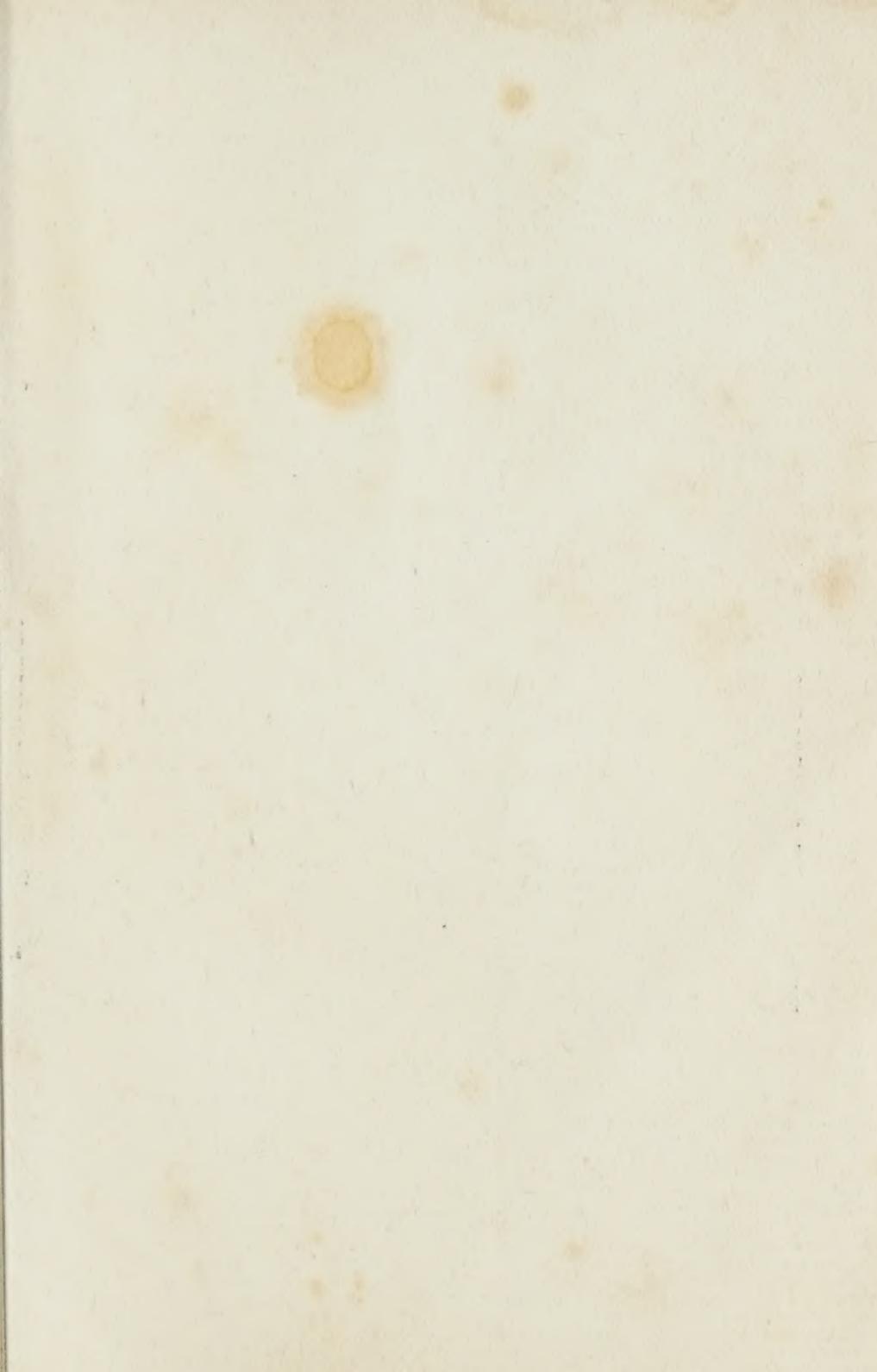
And last, but not least important, they are, on the whole, excellent, and generally do, as the country-folk say, "their best according to their lights," and (let us acknowledge it) their behavior depends largely on the care that you and I, to

whom they belong, bestow upon them. Therefore, let us give both fair tests before pronouncing them useless nuisances.











CONTENTS OF "Bits of Common Sense" Series.

By MARION HARLAND.

Volume I.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Chapter I. THE FAMILY MEDICINE-CHEST.
II. THE LATEST ARRIVAL.
III. FOODS FOR INFANTS.
IV. BABY'S CLOTHES.
V. THE "SECOND SUMMER."
VI. SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.
VII. "BRAINY" CHILDREN.
VIII. GOOD COOKERY AS A MORAL—BECAUSE
HEALTHFUL—AGENCY.
IX. GOOD COOKERY AS A MORAL—BECAUSE
HEALTHFUL—AGENCY. (Concluded.)

Volume II.

HOME TOPICS.

Chapter I. HELPFUL OR HARMFUL.
II. MANNERS FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.
III. OUR GIRL AND DOUBTFUL BOOKS.
IV. POLITENESS AS POLICY.
V. OUR FEET AND OUR HANDS.
VI. COMMON-SENSE WINDOW-GARDENING.
VII. COMMON-SENSE WINDOW-GARDENING (Concluded).
VIII. THE MARRIAGE TIE.
IX. WHAT PEOPLE SHOULD NOT WEAR.

Volume III.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Chapter I. HOW WE MAKE HOUSEKEEPING HARDER.
II. WAYS AND WAYS OF WORK.
III. BEDS AND BED MAKING.
IV. HOW TO SAVE TIME AND YOURSELF.
V. FINE ART IN "DRUDGERY."
VI. SPRING HOUSE CLEANING.
VII. "WANTED—A CHANGE."
VIII. WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.
IX. WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES. (Concluded.)

Volume IV.

COOKING HINTS.

Chapter I. HOW TO BE HOSPITABLE, THOUGH RURAL.
II. EGGS—THEIR USES AND ABUSES.
III. DIET AND HOMES.
IV. THE MODERN LUNCHEON FOR LADIES ONLY.
V. THE INVARIABLE POTATO.
VI. BETWEEN SEASONS.
VII. HOT WEATHER DISHES.
VIII. "UNDER PROTEST?"
IX. OIL-STOVES AND JOHN.

You can obtain any of the above volumes from the same source
as you received this copy.